

San Marcos Free Press.

L.H. JULIAN,

"Prove All Things; Hold Fast that which is Good."

PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XII.

SAN MARCOS, HAYS COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1883.

NO. 32.

Free Press.

Published Every Thursday by
ISAAC H. JULIAN,
To whom all Letters should be Addressed.
OFFICE--East Side of Plaza.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year, in advance.....\$2.00
Six months.....1.25
Three months......75

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion \$1.00; each additional insertion under one month, 50 cents per square.

	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	12 mos.
1 square.....	\$2.50	\$5.00	\$8.00	\$10.00
2 ".....	5.00	7.00	10.00	15.00
3 ".....	6.00	8.00	12.00	20.00
4 ".....	7.00	10.00	15.00	25.00
5 ".....	8.00	12.00	18.00	30.00
6 ".....	9.00	13.00	20.00	35.00
7 ".....	10.00	14.00	22.00	40.00
8 ".....	11.00	15.00	24.00	45.00
9 ".....	12.00	16.00	26.00	50.00
10 ".....	13.00	17.00	28.00	55.00
11 ".....	14.00	18.00	30.00	60.00
12 ".....	15.00	19.00	32.00	65.00

Business Cards, one inch or less, one year, \$8.00
Cards in Business Directory, one year, \$2.00
Legal and Transient Advertisements will be charged One Dollar per square for the first insertion, and Fifty Cents per square for each additional insertion. A square is the space of one inch. Fractional squares will be counted as full squares.
Local and Business Notices will be charged ten cents per line for the first insertion, and eight cents per line for each additional insertion.
Announcing candidates for office, county, \$5.00
For District or State offices,.....10.00
Obituary notices of over ten lines charged at one-half advertising rates.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Notary Public, and General Agent.
L. H. JULIAN, office Plaza Press Building.

Bankers.

ED. J. L. GREEN, Southeast Corner Plaza, at Malone's old stand.
D. A. GLOVER, North side of Main Plaza.

Wholesale Grocer.

MARTIN HINZIE, Southeast corner Plaza.

Dry Goods and Groceries.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Mitchell Building, North side Plaza.
J. DAILEY, West side of the Main Plaza.

W. M. GIBSON, South side of the Main Plaza.

DAILEY & BRO., S. W. Corner Plaza.

J. J. GIBBART east side of the plaza, opposite Court House.

Dry Goods.

GREEN & PRICE, at Malone's old stand, South-east Corner Plaza.

Dress-makers.

MISS IVA COOK, Near South-east Corner Public Square.

Groceries.

B. PITCHFORD South side Plaza.

Groceries and Hardware.

G. W. DONALSON & CO., East side Main Plaza.

Furniture.

J. WARD, East Side Public Square.

J. W. NANCE, nearly opposite Hinzle's Grocery Store.

Druggists.

R. FROMME, South side Plaza.

RATNOLDS & DANIEL, North side of the Main Plaza.

Physicians and Surgeons.

J. S. BECK, can be found at Raynolds & Daniel's Drugstore.

W. A. JACKMAN, Can be found at his residence (formerly Dr. Blakemore's).

D. R. WM. MYERS, Office at Fromme's Drugstore, Southeast Corner Public Square.

Dentist.

D. R. COMBS & McCROHAN, office North side of the Main Plaza.

Lawyers.

G. W. WALTERS, Office two doors South of Post Office.

FISHER & ROSE, office in the new Bank Building, upstairs.

HUTCHINSON & FRANKLIN, office in the New Building, north side Main Plaza.

T. BROWN, office in the old Postoffice Building.

Bakery and Confectionery.

G. LANGE, South side Plaza.

Stoves and Tinware.

GEO. BENNE, East side Plaza.

Livery and Sale Stables.

BALES & SON, San Antonio street.

Watchmakers, Jewelers and Opticians.

ROBBINS & BISHOP North side plaza.

Meat Market.

S. L. TOWNSEND, Southwest Public Square.

Saddles and Harness.

C. S. COCKE, Southwest Corner Plaza.

W. K. McULLIN, East Side Plaza, at Igloo's Store.

Shoe and Shoes.

GREEN LAUMEN, East Side Public Square.

J. B. BARKLEY, Manufacturer and Dealer, North side Plaza.

MARTIN HINZIE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER,

DEALER IN



SAN MARCOS, - - - TEXAS.
SOUTHEAST CORNER PUBLIC SQUARE. feb 15y

BELL & BROS., OPTICIANS

and Manufacturers and Dealers in

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
Diamonds, [Latest Most Elegant Designs].
RAZORS, POCKET and TABLE KNIVES, ETC.,
Of our own importation. SPECTACLES A SPECIALTY.
Engraving Done in Latest Style.

NO. 11 COMMERCE ST., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

ORDERS BY MAIL will receive prompt attention. Every article guaranteed precise as represented. Call and see us at the Store. feb 1-ly



Is a compound of the virtues of sarsaparilla, stillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, with the iodide of potash and iron, all powerful blood-making, blood-cleansing, and life-sustaining elements. It is the purest, safest, and most effectual alternative medicine known or available to the public. The sciences of medicine and chemistry have never produced so valuable a remedy, nor one so potent to cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. It cures Scrofula, all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples and Face-grubs, Pustules, Blisters, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald-head, Ring-worm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Mercurial Disease, Neuralgia, Female Weakness, and Irregularities, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility.

By its searching and cleansing qualities it purges out the foul corruptions which contaminate the blood and cause derangement and decay. It stimulates and enlivens the vital functions, promotes energy and strength, restores and preserves health, and infuses new life and vigor throughout the whole system. No sufferer from any disease which arises from impurity of the blood need despair who will give AYER'S SARSAPARILLA a fair trial.

It is folly to experiment with the numerous low-priced mixtures, of cheap materials, and without medicinal virtues, offered as blood-purifiers, while disease becomes more firmly seated. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a medicine of such concentrated curative power, that it is by far the best, cheapest, and most reliable blood-purifier known. Physicians know its composition, and prescribe it. It has been widely used for forty years, and has won the unequalled confidence of millions whom it has benefited.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

HEADACHE

and all Bilious Complaints are relieved by taking
WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
Early Vegetable, No Stripping, Price 25c. All Druggists.

What the Traveller Said at Sunset.

[Bryant, Longfellow, and Whittier, were for many years in the speech of American readers, an accustomed poetical triumvirate. The two former are no more, but the latter, in some important respects, both as a man and poet, "the noblest Roman of them all," still survives. He is upwards of 70, and may not long remain. The following late inspiration of his muse is of peculiar interest as indicating how so good, and true, and wise a man views the outlook before him.]
—ED. FREE PRESS.

The shadows grow and deepen round me;
I feel the dew-fall in the air;
The morn'g of the darkening thickens,
I hear the night-thrush call to prayer.

The evening wind is sad with farewells;
And loving hands unclasp from mine;
Alone I go to meet the darkness
Across an awful boundary line.

As from the lighted hearth behind me
I pass with slow, reluctant feet,
What waits me in the land of strangeness?
What face shall smile, what voice shall greet?

What space shall awe, what brightness blind me?
What thunder-roll of music stun?
What vast processions sweep before me
Of shapes unknown beneath the sun?

I shrink from unaccustomed glory,
I dread the myriad-voiced strain;
Give me the unforgetful faces,
And let my lost ones speak again.

He will not chide my mortal yearning
Who is our Brother and our Friend,
In whose full life, divine and human,
The heavenly and the earthly blend.

Mine be the joy of soul communion,
The sense of spiritual strength renewed,
The reverence for the pure and holy,
The dear delight of doing good.

No fitting ear is mine to listen
An endless anthem's rise and fall;
No curious eye is mine to measure
The pearl gate and the jasper wall.

For love must needs be more than knowledge;
What matter if I never know
Why Aldebaran's star is ruddy
Or colder Sirius white as snow?

Forgive my human words, O Father!
I go Thy larger truth to prove;
Thy mercy shall transcend my longing;
I seek but love, and Thou art Love!

I go to find my lost and mourned-for
Safe in Thy sheltering goodness still,
And all that hope and faith foreshadow
Made perfect in Thy holy will!

—

THE TWO PICTURES.

[The following has been handed us for publication, as we are assured, without the knowledge of the author. We need scarcely say that she was one of the last graduating class of Coronado Institute. This was her graduating essay, and we believe is understood to be a "take-off" of the members of the class.—ED. FREE PRESS.]

"You who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform all promises of youth," and a great deal more to the same effect—attend, please, to the unfolding of my humble canvas wherein are two pictures. The scene of the first is the closing exercises of a village school on a warm, mellow evening in June. The first picture represents the graduating class of this leading nursery of wisdom. The class is composed of eight blooming maidens and one lone youth. In this picture you have before you each one and their various objects in the life that is just now opening to them. From so many gems "of purest ray serene" let me call your attention especially, to the tall, slender, awkward young Miss. Strangers on beholding her for the first time, have pronounced her the missing link of the "Darwin theory." How often with sighs and tears she has found comfort in the words: "Tis not in beauty alone may we find purity—wisdom and sweetness combined." With all her personal defects—and they are many—this young girl has her just share of ambition. Her object in life is a noble one. She expects to accept a position in one of the large Seminaries where, after teaching the young minds how to shoot, for several years, she will thus procure the means to conduct her across the sea to the grand Old World. There she will be able to cultivate her talents, which we will not attempt to mention, as she has kept them concealed thus far. What a brilliant future is thus opened to her youthful mind! But adieu to our friend for the present. We next bring before you three young ladies as representatives of the future belles. They are just about accomplishing that wonderful transformation that is to convert them from plain, simple verdant girls into queens of the social circle, rulers of fashion, arbiters of man's fate. How eager they are to enter this grand arena. They feel equal to the effort. The great, wide-spread domain of art, science and philosophy they are as familiar with as "fourteen weeks" of animated effort could render them. How eager they are to launch their bark on the broad stream of pleasure. They are conscious of their fatal gifts, they long to enter that life so full of rich pleasure. "Many, many heads they will humble, bear's they will crush." After wearying of victories and triumphs they will retire quietly and luxuriously to—

But let us examine their personal appearance. The first is tall and majestic with sparkling brown eyes. "In shape and feature proudly eminent, she towers above her companions." The second, is a pure, sweet type of Saxon beauty. "Ne'er did Grecian chisel trace a fairer form, a lovelier face." Although not possessing the graceful form and majestic figure of her companion, she is, if possible, more harmonious. The third is a brilliant brunette, her flashing black eyes dangerous in their very loveliness. Coquetry asserting itself in her every movement; yet she possesses all the sweet graces which constitute the charming young lady. But we will leave them as they are—eagerly looking forward to the future.

Let your attention rest for one moment on the tall, stately, blue-eyed member of this class. To become thoroughly educated in the science of music has been the dream of her young life. She is fully conscious that her vocal powers, which have always been a source of great pleasure to her, will in the future procure for her fame, wealth and happiness. To teach this noble science is congenial to her tastes and feeling, but only the pupils of distinguished Seminaries shall be the recipients of her wondrous knowledge. Although she intends to become a worthy ornament to society, enjoying all its friendships and pleasures, she will spurn all offers of matrimony. But we must bid her farewell for a space of twenty years. The three sweet blondes next demand our attention. They have no fixed purpose in life but to do good. They have resolved that as the Fates roll out the scroll of their life's destiny they will accept it as inevitable.

Our pen fails us when we reach the last but not least of this interesting class. The youth! How can we do justice to his noble appearance, that head, that would have pleased a painter; those eyes, that rival the diamond in lustre. But there are slight furrows on his noble brow, showing that "Thought" has been busy there. There is something alert about his whole appearance that speaks of unlimited self-confidence. With what a sense of pride and satisfaction he abandons these halls, the scenes of his labors and triumphs? But what is his career? The legal profession? Yes, the blood of politicians flows in his veins. To the law he is immediately betakes himself and after a study of a few months he will be admitted to the bar and on he will rush paying his way to the Presidential Chair. Then he will return to your society, fair sex, and make choice of her who is to share his fame.

Now comes a final farewell to the first years of this promising class and a space of twenty years have passed, and a la Rip Van Winkle we wake from our long slumber and bring, after a lapse of twenty years, the second picture. Can we find all the members of this one interesting class? Ah yes! Let us seek first the poor homely young lady. Visit you noble vessel just ready to give its sails to the winds and bear to foreign countries its precious cargo of human lives. Down among the swarming passengers although changed, ah yes! we recognize our friend of the past. We dare not intimate why she has changed her whole prospective life and entered that of a missionary, but it is so, and we must believe. We may well bid adieu and farewell to her, now and forever, for she seems to us as one buried.

Step to you vine covered cottage with the door half open. At every slight noise three wan, haggard ladies rush to the door and windows each vying with the other to get the first glance. They seem constantly expecting some one. Who can it be? Look again at these pale creatures, do they not bear some resemblance to the world-beat social queens of the long ago? Ah, yes! these are they. "The scepter hath departed from Judah." Of all the sweet graces of youth, nothing now remains. There they sit, day after day, with the door half open. With the salt tears flowing down their wasted cheeks they clasp their poodles to fond hearts that once beat so proudly for something better. There is no cordial of manly sympathy to cheer them now—nothing but "vinegar-bitters." Under these circumstances we could not expect to find—nor do we—those softer lines of expression, that grace of movement, of the long ago. In fact, they are candidates for the museum, relics of antiquity, if not that they are well—if there is a man, woman or child that don't know, they will be told privately. But let them rest.

In a quiet unpretentious little village stand three little cottages, side by side, wherein dwell the three sweet blondes of the buried past. They are honored and respected, have many friends, a beautiful and happy home full of domestic bliss and thrift, and the crown and glory of all, a handsome husband.

But we must not forget our ideal musician. Where is she? Go to your humble personage, look within its sacred walls, and there behold our friend of the long ago. She who thought to scorn all offers of matrimony is now the toiling wife of the village pastor.

But where is our "would be" Pres.? How beautifully his life has developed into a minister of the gospel, one of those who are "called" and remain a long time in one place, long, long after the season has passed. In this life of toil we feel for him. How sincerely he joins in the thoughts of the poet:

"I would not live always,
I ask not to stay,
Where storm, after storm,
Rises dark o'er the way."

—MAYN JONES.

Quatermaster Gen. Ingalls, who has been in the service forty years, has asked to be retired.